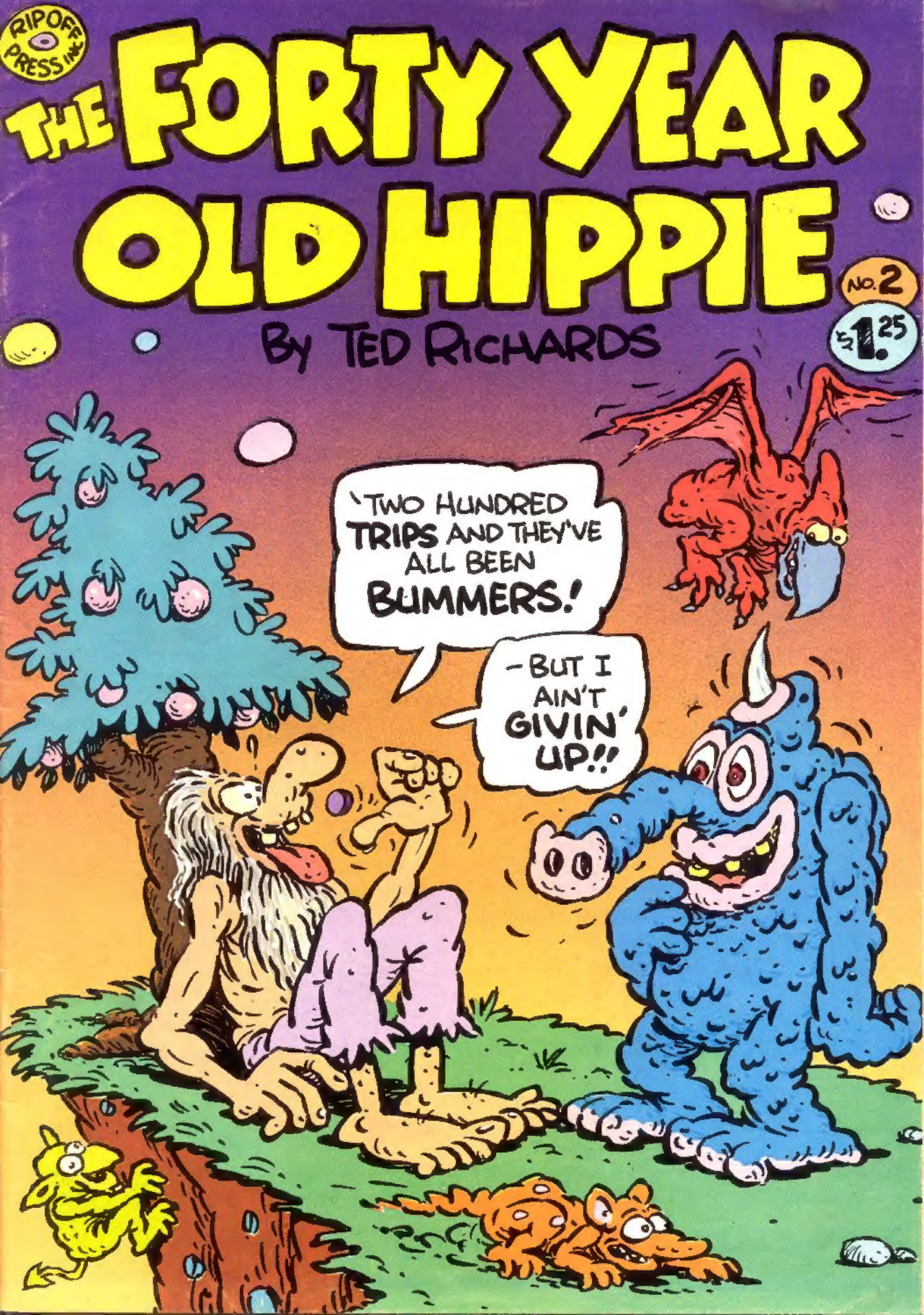
RIPOFF PRESS INC.
THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
No. 2
$1.25
BY TED RICHARDS
'TWO HUNDRED TRIPS AND THEY'VE ALL BEEN BUMMERS!
-BUT I AIN'T GIVIN' UP!!

The Forty Year Old Hippie

By TED RICHARDS

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THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

"THE HARVEST BALL"

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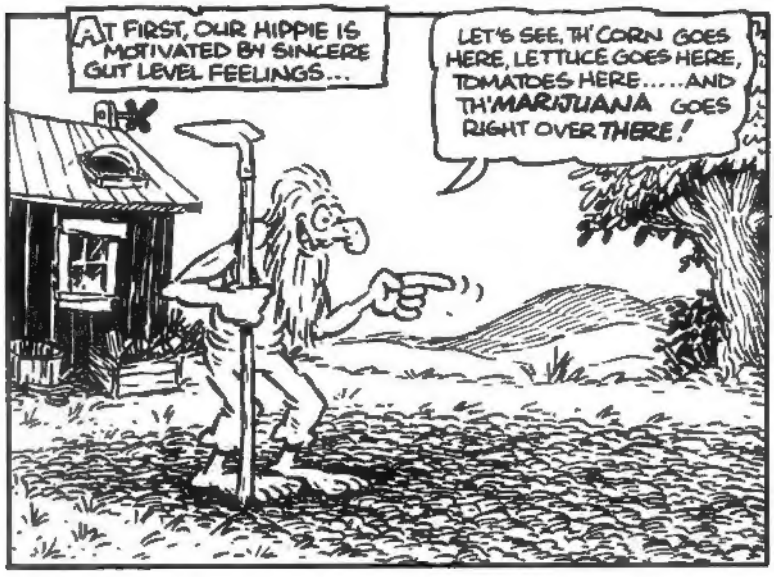


LATER, OUR HIPPIE CHECKS OUT THE LOCAL HIPTOWN...
HEY, MOONCAT! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
HEY, MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' UP HERE?

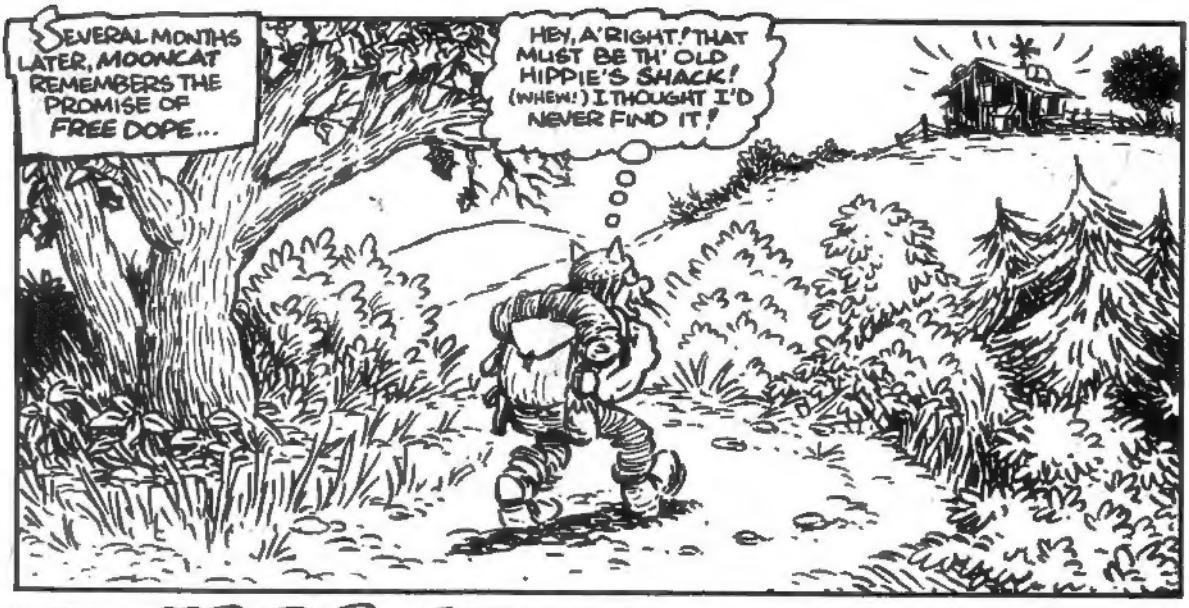
I COPPED SOME LAND FROM A FRIEND WHO'S TRIPPIN' OUT IN TH' VIRGIN ISLANDS FOR A YEAR, SO I'M CHECKIN' OUT TH' COUNTRY TRIP, AN' REALLY GETTIN' OFF ON IT...
HEY A'RIGHT! I'M UP HERE TRYIN' TO SCORE SOME DEADBOLDT DAZE - I'M ADDICTED TO TH' STUFF!

YEAH, THAT'S PRETTY TRIPPY GRASS...
RIGHT-ON! NOTHIN' ELSE GETS ME OFF ANYMORE AND NOW IT COST $100 A LID!!*
THE APPLE TUB CO
BEER
* AND GOING UP!! -EDITOR

$100 A LID?! WOW! HEY MAN, THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! I'M GLAD I'M GROWIN' MY OWN THESE DAYS!
HEY LOOK, IF YOU GOT SOME EXTRA LEFT OVER, LET ME KNOW, HUH? I'LL BUY A HALF LID OFF YA!

HEY MAN, MY HOMEGROWN'S FREE! LOOK ME UP IN A FEW MONTHS AND I'LL TURN YOU ON!!
RIGHT-ON, BRO'! YOU ALWAYS WERE A TRUE SPIRIT!

LATER OUR HIPPIE CONTEMPLATES TH' DAYS INPUT...
HEY WOW - $100 PER LID! THAT'S $1600 PER POUND — RETAIL!! AND $1000 WHOLESALE!! WHEN! THERE'S ABOUT 3 POUNDS PER PLANT.. NUMMA NUMMA. WOW! THREE GRAND PER PLANT!


SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, MOONCAT REMEMBERS THE PROMISE OF FREE DOPE...
HEY, A'RIGHT! THAT MUST BE TH' OLD HIPPIE'S SHACK! (WHEW!) I THOUGHT I'D NEVER FIND IT!

HELL WITH TH' ROAD! I'LL JUST TAKE A SHORTCUT THROUGH TH' BRUSH HERE...

I SURE HOPE HIS CROP'S READY! I CAN SMELL THAT "DAZE" RIGHT NOW! MMMUH!
HEY HIPPIE! IT'S ME, MOONCAT!

HEY HIPm..
WHOOOAA
TWING

JAAAA

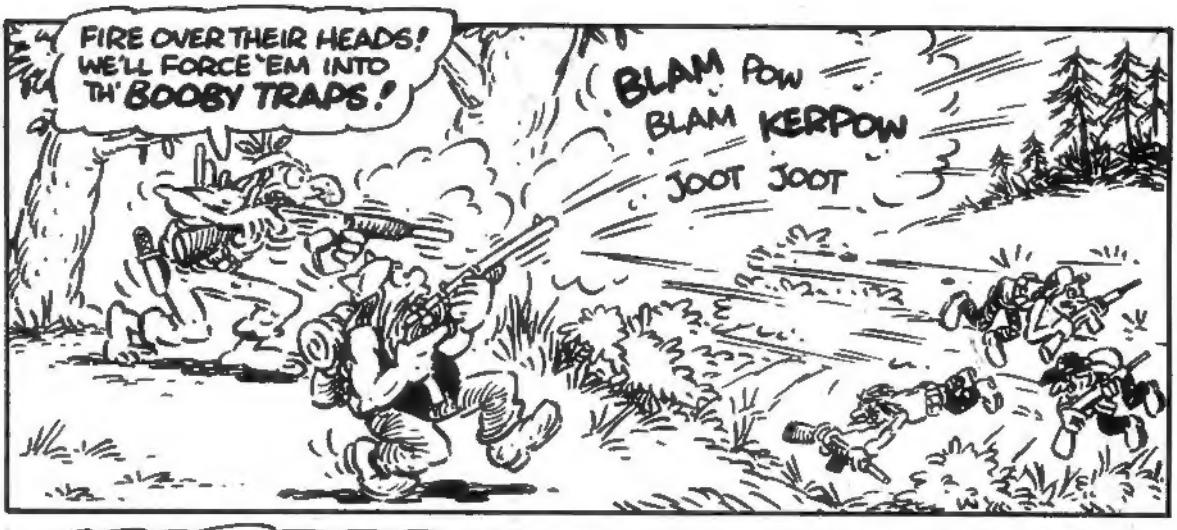
YEIIIIVA – HELP! HIPPIE – IT'S ME, MOONCAT!
QUIET! I'LL CUT YOU DOWN, BUT SHHHH! QUIET!
FLITCH

SORRY, MAN..
HWIT
OOF

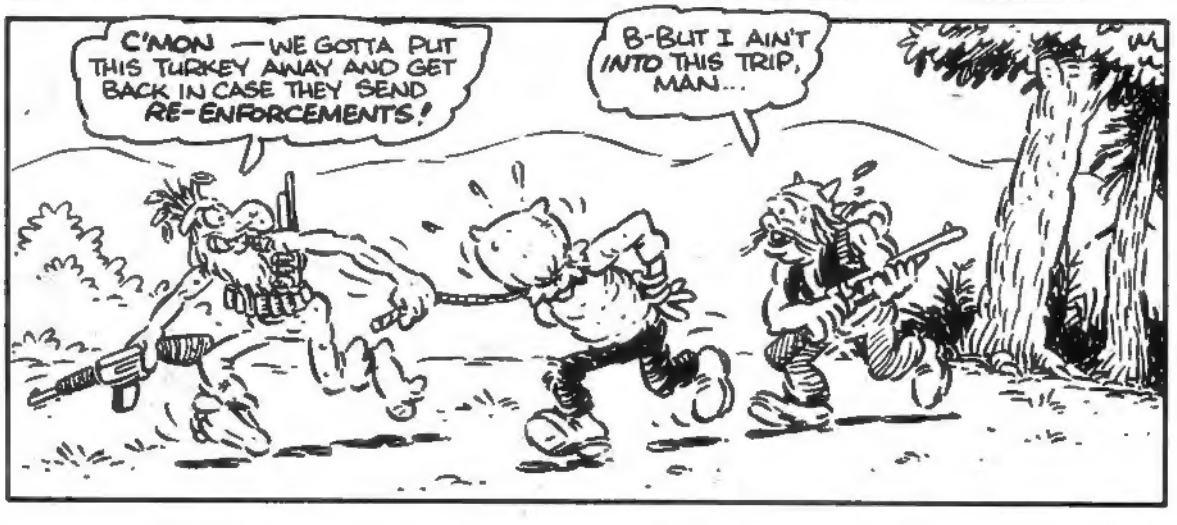
I SHOULDA WARNED YA – BUT WE GOTTA KEEP QUIET...
GET DOWN!
HEY, MAN?

SHADDUP! I GOTTA WAIT AN' SEE IF YOU WERE FOLLOWED!
FOLLOWED? B-BY WHO?

BY GRASS GUERILLAS! LOOK– YOU WERE FOLLOWED! THERE'S THREE OF 'EM — HERE MAN THIS CARBINE...


FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS! WE'LL FORCE 'EM INTO TH' BOOBY TRAPS!
BLAM POW
BLAM KERPOW
JOOT JOOT

HAAA- WE GOT ONE!
CHING
YEAAAA
CHOING


C'MON — WE GOTTA PUT THIS TURKEY AWAY AND GET BACK IN CASE THEY SEND RE-ENFORCEMENTS!
B-BUT I AIN'T INTO THIS TRIP, MAN...

HEY, I CAN DIG-IT... LOOK, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON ONE-FOURTH OF TH' ACTION ON MY CROP IF YOU HELP ME BRING IT IN!
BUT I DON'T WANT ANY ACTION! I JUST WANNA SPLIT!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, MOONCAT... NOBODY LEAVES HERE ALIVE IF THEY'VE SEEN MY CROP...
B-BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR CROP!

-WELL, YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH! IT'S EITHER WORK WITH ME.... OR I'LL THROW YOU IN TH' PIT 'TIL I CASH MY CROP!
UH..O.K...BUT I REALLY CAN'T HANDLE TH' HEAVY GUN TRIP...

A'RIGHT, TH' PRISONERS ARE EASY TO GUARD - JUST DUMP TH' DOPE CLIPPINGS ON 'EM EVERY SO OFTEN — LONG AS THEY STAY STONED THEY'RE NO HASSLE...
HEY, THESE CLIPPINGS LOOK GOOD! LET'S SMOKE SOME!!

NO! WE GOTTA STAY CLEAN 'TIL WE CASH TH' CROP!
UH. (WHEW) SURE..

AND SO THE TIME GROWS NEAR FOR DEADBOLDT COUNTY'S LEGENDARY "HARVEST"—
WHIRRR
CHUPPA CHUPPA CHUPPA
VOOOOWN
LISTEN TO ALL THOSE PLANES AND CHOPPERS THEY'RE USING INFRA-RED DETECTORS TO TRY AND SPOT OUR CROPS!
BRRRRRRR
HAHAHA - BUT YOU GOT 'EM BEAT WITH THAT PARTY ICE SPRINKLED ON TOP OF OUR CHEESECLOTH CAMOUFLAGE NET..

SHHH! LISTEN TO TH' RADIO!
SHERIFF SILAS PLUCKER HAS LAUNCHED AN EXTENSIVE COUNTY-WIDE SEARCH FOR A WOUNDED BEAR—

—LOCAL, STATE AND FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS HAVE JOINED THE SEARCH FOR THE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS BEAR — RESIDENTS ARE WARNED TO STAY INDOORS AND SHOULD REPORT ANY SIGHTINGS TO SHERIFF PLUCKER.
AH! WHAT A HIT OF ROTTEN KARMA!
CLICK

C'MON - WE GOTTA CLEAN OUT OUR FIELD BEFORE THEY FIND TH' CROP!!
YEEEE
ROOAR

WAAAA WE-WERE GONERS!
DON'T PANIC! LET HIM VENT SOME OF HIS ANGER THEN I'LL TRY TALKING TO HIM.....
GROOAR
GROWL
YOU NEED HELP BEAR. YOU GOT BAD HURT ON SHOULDER. ME HEAL YOU WITH GOOD HUMAN MEDICINE...
YHUH? HOW YOU TALK BEAR TALK?
HEY-Y. ME A ANIMAL TOO!! BAD HUMAN ANIMAL SHOOT YOU — ME GOOD HUMAN. ME LIKE BEARS YOU AND ME BE BROTHERS!
YAH! BAD HUMAN WITH BLUE FUR CATCH ME IN TRAP. THEY PUT ME IN CAGE, THEN BOSS HUMAN SHOOT ME WITH FIRESTICK!
BLAM
ME HURT - ME ANGRY. THEY LET ME GO. ME RUN FOR LIFE. BUT THEY NO CATCH ME. THEY SHOOT FIRESTICK MANY TIMES. MAKE ME RUN AND RUN.
BLAM BLAM POW CRACK
THEY VERY NEAR ME HOPE TO HIDE IN HUMAN CAVE...
AH-HA! NOW I SEE! THIS IS ALL A SCHEME FOR SHERIFF PLUCKER TO GRAB ALL TH' COUNTY POTCROP FOR HIMSELF! - HE WASN'T SATISFIED WITH HIS 10% OFF THE RETAIL....

YEP! OL' SHERIFF PLUCKER'S GOT HIS EYE ON OUR HIPPIE'S CROP!

THIS GUY IS LOADED! I CAN SMELL-IT! WE'LL JUST BLIST RIGHT ON IN — NO WARNIN' OR NUTHIN'!

SURPRISE PARTY HIPPIE!

BASH

HURAAAAA

YEEIIII WHOAAA YIKES

THAT LI'L STUNT'S GONNA COST THEM HIPPIES 25% OFF TH' RETAIL!!

WHEW! I CAN'T TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER — LET'S CASH THIS DAMN CROP AND GET TH' HELL OUTTA HERE!

I KIN DIG-IT!

WE'LL PASS ON THE TEDIOUS DETAILS OF HARVESTING A CROP OF GRADE 'A' SINSEMILLA, AND INSTEAD FOCUS UPON THE MONETARY ASPECTS OF OUR HIPPIES ILLICIT ENTERPRISE

I SET TH' TIME LOCK ON TH' CAGE FOR TWO HOURS...

O.K., THEN LET'S GO! YOU RIDE SHOTGUN, MOONCAT.

BEAR - YOU RIDE IN BACK OF TRUCK AND GUARD WEED WITH LIFE...

THUS THE HIPPIE BRINGS HIS CROP TO MARKET, JUST LIKE ANY OTHER FARMER — THERE'S JUST A BIT MORE RISK — THAT'S ALL...

A'RIGHT, THIS IS IT! KEEP AN EYE OUT WHILE I GO CONNECT WITH MY BUYER...

BARREL OF MONKEYS SALOON

HEY GUMPY, HOW'S IT GOIN'? I'M LOOKIN' FOR TH' "CRAZY LADY!" YOU SEEN HER AROUND?

HEY A'RIGHT!

YEP - YOU MUST MEAN THAT CRAZY LADY FROM HIGH VIBES MAGAZINE - SHE'S RIGHT OVER THERE — YOU CAN'T MISS HER

HI—YOU TH' CRAZY LADY?
SURE AM.
I'M TH' HIPPIE..
REALLY? YOU GOT TH' CROP?
YEP—YOU GOT TH' BREAD?
YASSS

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAHS A POUND FOR TWO-HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS...
UH, THERE'S BEEN AN INFLATION TRIP, LADY — IT'S NOW $2,000 A POUND — YOU PEOPLE FROM NEW YORK CAN DIG-IT, RIGHT? (HEH HEH HEH)

BLOW HIM A-WAYYY!

DON'T TRY-IT! I'M WIRED TO EXPLODE ON CONTACT— SO TAKE-IT EASY, HUH?
SUCK-IT UP HARVY-THIS BABY'S REALLY CRAZY!!! (WOWEEE)

HEY- WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA, LADY. — LOOK, I'LL THROW IN MY TRUCK— THAT WAY WE DON'T HAVE TO HASSLE WITH UNLOADIN' TH' STUFF!
HMMM A TRUCK? I FORGOT ABOUT A TRUCK.. SURE!

AHH FANTABIC! A REAL HIPPIE SPACE TRUCK- I LOVE-IT! I WANT- IT! LET'S FLY- IT BACK TO NEW YORK- I'LL PUT IT IN MY LOFT!
IT'S YOURS, CRAZY LADY. TAKE IT AWAY-
WOW! WHAT A DEAL!

WA-WOO! WE DID-IT! IT'S ALL OVER! WE PULLED IT OFF!
The Mother Lode Hotel

(WHEW) LOOK AT ALL THIS MOOLA! A HALF MILLION DOLLARS - CAN I COUNT OUT MY "CUT" — HUH?
UH... SURE.. GO AHEAD...

HEY MAN... YOU LOOK REALLY FREAKED OUT! ANYTHING WRONG?
I-I DON'T KNOW... THIS IS ALL SO UNREAL- I GUESS TH' WHOLE TRIP'S FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH ME... I-I MEAN ALL THIS DYNAMITE...

HEY- FORGET ABOUT IT, MAN- IT'S OVER- I GOT AN IDEA! WHY DON'T WE SMOKE SOME OF OUR CROP!
HEY! RIGHT! I AIN'T BEEN LOADED SINCE I STARTED THIS TRIP — C'MON, FIRE-IT UP!!

AND SO SEVERAL HOURS LATER, OUR HIPPIE'S HAD A CHANCE TO UNWIND AND LOOSEN UP FOR TH' NOTORIOUS "HARVEST BALL"!
HARVEST BALL TONIGHT
YESSS
WOOO! DIDN'T I TELL YOU LADIES I GREW TH' BEST DOPE IN TH' WHOLE COUNTY?
OH WOW
FAR OUT

11:00 P.M.

CAN'T GET OFF O' THAT L.A. FREEWAY.

C'MON! GET TOOTIN'- WE STILL GOT TEN OUNCES T'GO!!

SNUT SNOOT

12:00 P.M.

WOOOO THIS HEAD BONG IS REALLY SPACEY!

2:00 A.M.

A'RIGHT-I'LL SEE YOUR TEN GRAND AND I'LL CALL...

SORRY, HIPPIE- YOU LOSE AGAIN- STRAIGHT FLUSH..

3:00 A.M.

C'MON! THIS PARTY AIN'T OVER YET!!! WE'RE GONNA PARTY ALL TH' WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO!

C'MON! LET'S PLUCK THIS TURKEY...

3:30 A.M.

WHEW! HE REALLY HUNG IN THERE! C'MON IT'S TIME TO ROLL HIM OUT OF HERE

4:00 A.M.

HAW-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE BLEW HIS WHOLE WAD IN SIX HOURS * BUT AT LEAST WE GOT TH' MERCEDES VAN...

* MOONCAT WISELY INVESTED HIS MONEY IN GOLD AND OIL, AND IS NOW LIVING THE GOOD LIFE IN MARIN COUNTY, CA..

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

OOOOH... (WHEW) WHAT A PARTY! OOOOH... WHAT HAPPENED? OH NO! I'VE BEEN ROLLED!

WHAT A BUMMER! ALL THAT WORK AND DANGER - AND I GOT NOTHIN' TO SHOW FOR - IT.... (WHEW) I GUESS IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY KARMA..

OH WOW! I FORGOT TO TELL TH' CRAZY LADY ABOUT MY BEAR I LEFT IN TH' BACK OF TH' TRUCK — AND HE'S GONNA BE WIGGED OUT WITH NO FOOD OR NOTHIN' TO EAT EXCEPT THAT DOPE CROP!

OH WELL... SO MUCH FOR THAT TRIP — I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENIN' BACK IN TH' CITY?..

AND SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN TH' BIG APPLE—

The Forty Year Old Hippie

By TED RICHARDS

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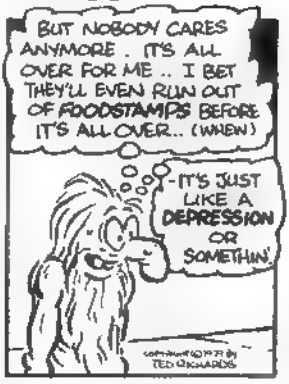

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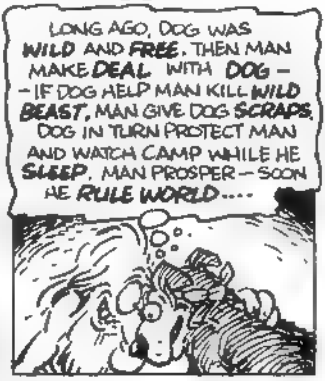

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The Potty Monster Story

"A STORY FOR ALL THE LITTLE CHILD PERSONS IN THE WORLD"

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ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE CHILD PERSON WHO WAS AFRAID TO GO TO THE POTTY.

C'MON, CHILD PERSON—YOU'RE A *BIG KID* NOW. YOU CAN'T GO *POO* IN YOUR *PANTS*..

NO! TH' POTTY MONSTER WILL GET MEEEE!

CHILD PERSON, THERE'S NO SUCH A THING AS A POTTY MONSTER—IT'S NOT *REAL*—IT'S JUST A *STORY*...

NO! IT'S *REAL*—SEE! LOOK INSIDE. IT LIVES DOWN THERE...

A'RIGHT—SEE! THERE'S NO POTTY MONSTER DOWN THERE—O.K.?

OH...

"SLOSH SLOSH"

THERE! NOW YOU CAN GO POO ALL BY YOURSELF!
UH-HUH, AN' AN' YOU GOTTA LEAVE ME ALONE — RIGHT?

RIGHT! WE ALWAYS GO POO IN OUR OWN SPACE...

AND SO CHILD PERSON TRIES TO MAKE HIS FIRST POO IN THE POTTY...

HE TRIES AND TRIES. AND TRIES HARDER AND HARDER AND HARDER
NYHUH
AH
GRINT
YUH

UNTIL ALL OF A SUDDEN.
BURAHAHAHA
YEWAA

HOOHAAAAA GOT YOU AGAIN!
HIPPIEEEE! IT'S TH' POTTY MONSTER! IT GOT MEEEE!

WHAT? WHERE? WHAT POTTY MONSTER?
IT'S IN THERE! IT'S REAL! YOU TOLD ME A STORY!

NO I DIDN'T! LOOK! THERE'S NO POTTY MONSTER!
WAAAAAAAA! YES! YES! YES! IT TICKLED MY FANNY! IT'S REAL!

OH, A'RIGHT! LET ME GO POO AND IF THERE'S A POTTY MONSTER, I'LL CATCH IT AND BEAT-IT UP.
AN'-AN' IF IT MAKES A BIG MESS, I WILL HELP YOU CLEAN IT UP-O.K.?

AND SO, THE FATHER PERSON SAT ON THE POTTY. HE TRIED AND TRIED, AND TRIED HARDER AND HARDER...
NYUT!
GRRUNT KRINCH

UNTIL ALL OF A SUDDEN.
BRUHAHANNANA
WHOAA EMANUEL!

HAR HAR HAR GOT YOU TOO!
YOU'RE RIGHT! TH' POTTY MONSTER IS REAL!!
WAA! PUNCH IT!! MAKE IT DEAD!

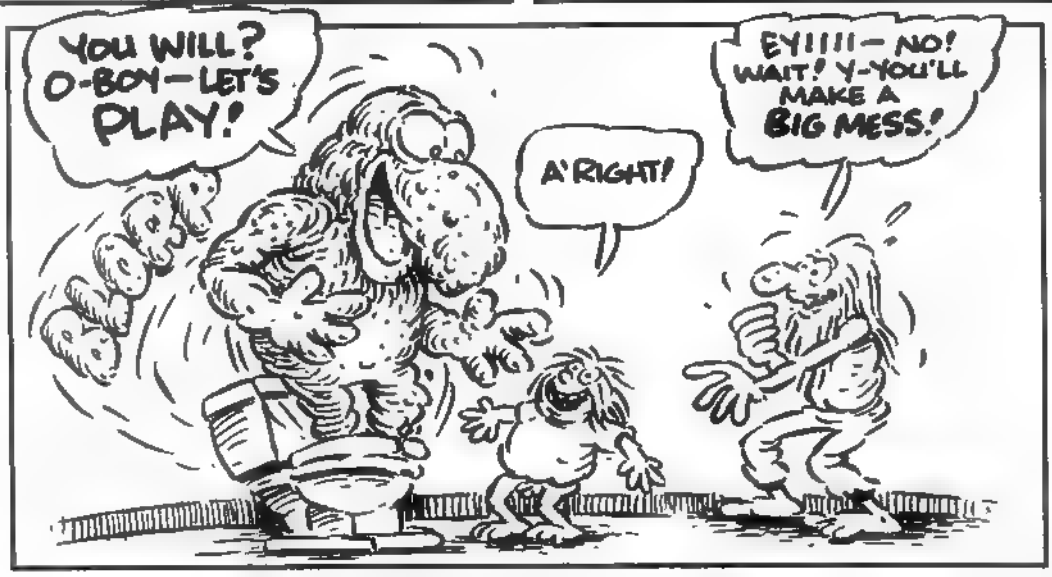
UH..UM..LOOK. I DON'T BELIEVE IN KILLING... AND UH...
BUT WE CAN'T GO POTTY NO MORE!! MAKE-IT DEAD!

HE'S RIGHT! NOW I CAN'T GO POTTY...
UH..I KNOW! FIRST, LET'S TALK TO TH' POTTY MONSTER, O.K.?
O.K.

POTTY MONSTER. OH, POTTY MONSTER. WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU, ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT

HOW COME YOU KEEP SCARING CHILD PERSON AND ME WHEN WE GO TO TH' POTTY?
'CAUSE NOBODY WANTS TO PLAY WITH ME...

UH, WELL, THAT'S STILL NOT A VERY GOOD REASON TO SCARE PEOPLE!
-I WOULD PLAY WITH YOU POTTY MONSTER!

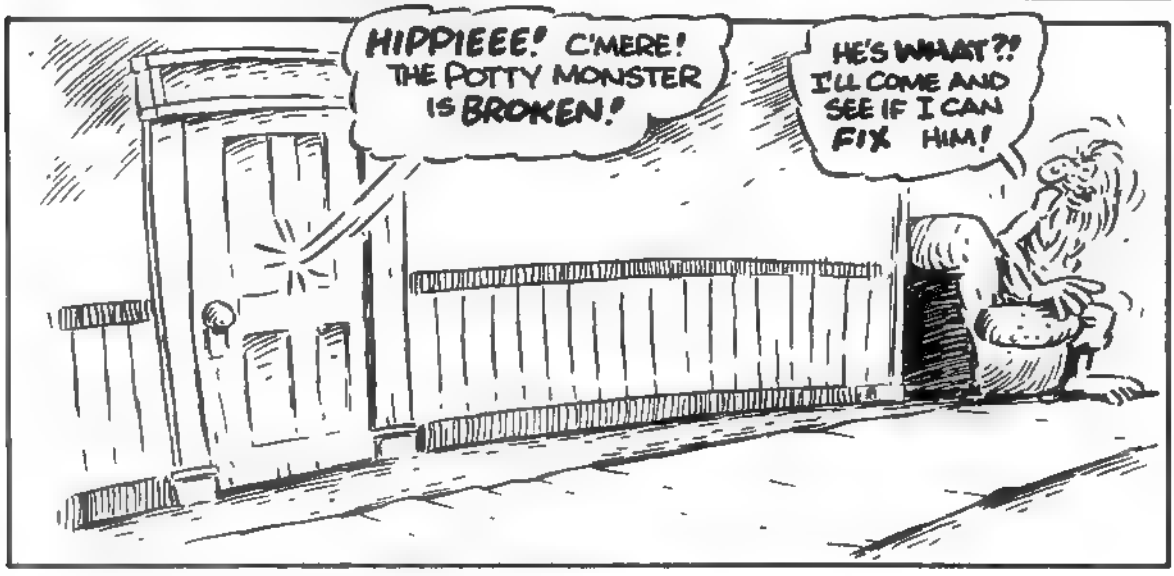

YOU WILL? O-BOY—LET'S PLAY!
A'RIGHT!
EY!!!!—NO! WAIT! Y-YOU'LL MAKE A BIG MESS!

AAAAWW! I WILL PLAY REAL NICE WITH THE POTTY MONSTER— I PROMISE!!
HEY—RIGHT! I'LL JUST GO WITH THE NATURAL FLOW!
O.K., POTTY MONSTER, YOU CAN PLAY WITH CHILD PERSON, BUT YOU MUST BE CAREFUL AND NOT PLAY TOO ROUGH...

O.K., HAVE LOTS OF FUN AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU GET TIRED— ALL RIGHT?
A'RIGHT!

SO THE FATHER PERSON WAITED AND WAITED WHILE CHILD PERSON PLAYED WITH THE POTTY MONSTER...

YELP
YEOWP
GLUP
SQUISH
A
AND THEY PLAYED AND PLAYED AND PLAYED, UNTIL...
SPLAT
SQUSH
GIGGLE
SNUK
NYAHHH


HIPPIEEE! C'MERE! THE POTTY MONSTER IS BROKEN!
HE'S WHAT?! I'LL COME AND SEE IF I CAN FIX HIM!

OH NO! CHILD PERSON, YOU BROKE THE POTTY MONSTER INTO A ZILLION PIECES!!!

I-I'M SORRY. HE-HE WAS TOO SOFT! AND HIS BATTERIES BURNED OUT!

AND SO, THE FATHER PERSON AND CHILD PERSON CLEANED UP THE HUGE MESS, AND FLUSHED IT ALL DOWN THE POTTY...

(PYEW) - AT LEAST I CAN GO TO THE POTTY, NOW...

AND THERE WAS NO MORE POTTY MONSTER TO BOTHER CHILD PERSON WHEN HE WENT POO IN THE POT!

THAT'S O.K. I'LL JUST LAY LOW 'TIL YOU GROW UP, THEN I'LL GET YOUR LITTLE KID - NYHAHAHAHA

NYHHH!

CHILD PERSON WILL BE TWENTY-FIVE IN THE YEAR 2000

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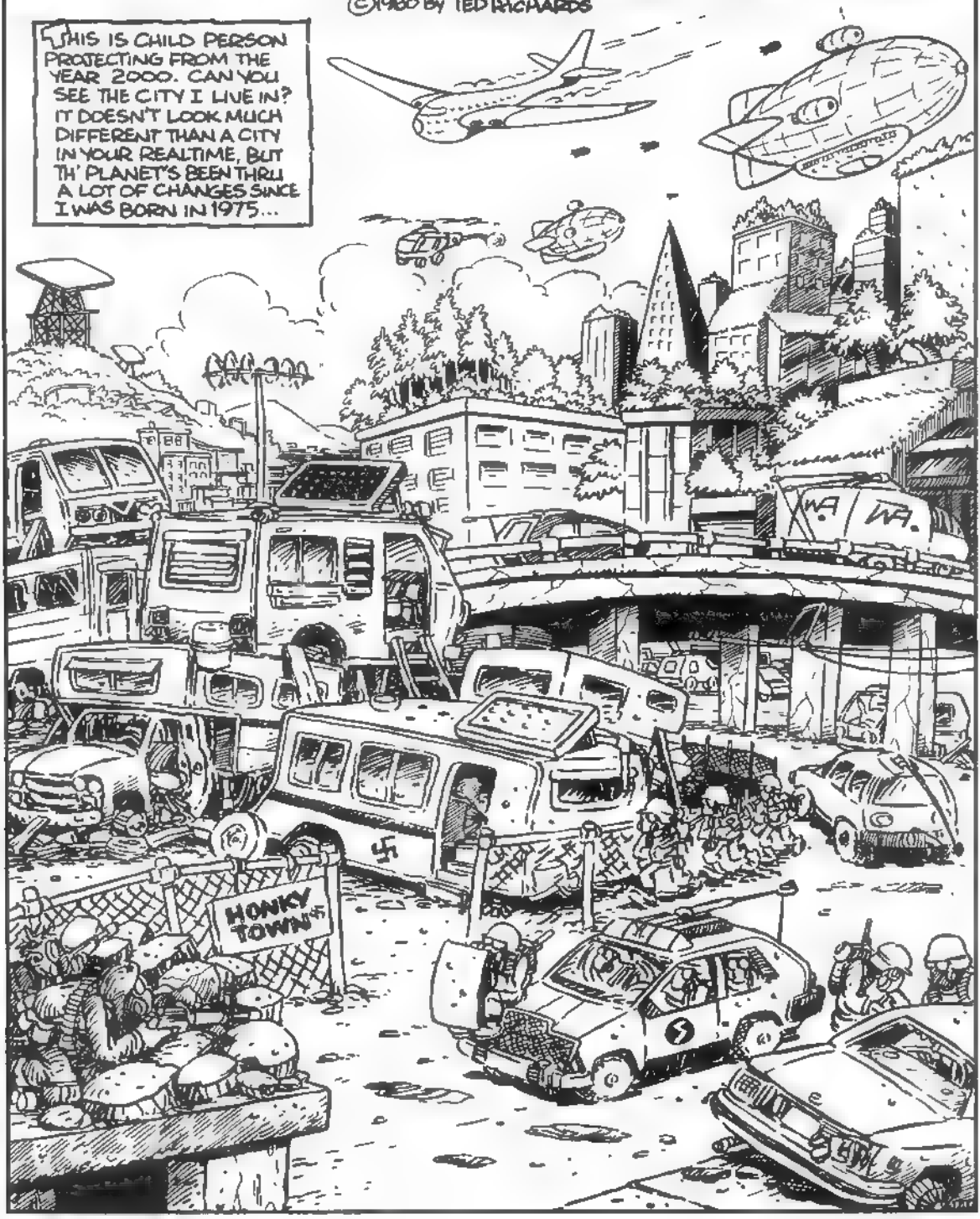


THE HEAVIEST CHANGE WAS THE TOTAL BURNOUT OF 1985 — TH' WHOLE PLANET JUST TOTALLY RAN OUT OF ENERGY! A LOT OF PEOPLE WENT SCHIZO AND DIED IN THE RIOTS....
55 STAY ALIVE
HARA'S

BUT ME AND MY PARENTS SURVIVED - WE JUST HIKED OUT INTO TH' COUNTRYSIDE. WE WERE HIPPIES AND KNEW HOW TO LIVE OFF TH' ENERGY WASTE!
THIS IS IT! THE APOCOLYPSE IS HERE! I TOLD YA IT WAS COMIN'! I WAS RIGHT — SEE!
ME AT TEN YEARS OLD...

BUT TH' PEOPLE IN TH' CITIES AND SUBURBS REALLY GOT WASTED — IT WAS TOTAL ANARCHY FOR A WHILE...
BANK OF
UNION
WE GOT US A FEW MORE OF THEM OIL EXECS..
FOUND 'EM HIDIN' IN TH' BANK O'AMERICA BUILDIN'..
WOOOWEEE NOW WE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN T'NIGHT!
RIGHT MR. BIGS!?

MY OL' MAN SAID IT WAS THE DAWN OF THE NEW AGE...

OUR "TRIBAL FAMILY" EVEN FORMED A RELIGION THAT COMMUNICATED WITH SPACERS FROM SIRIUS THE "DOG STAR" — I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL A TANK OF GAS BECAUSE THE SPACERS NEVER ZOOMED IN ON ME!
REALLY LISTEN CHILD PERSON. LISTEN DEEP INSIDE YOU..
(SOB) IT'S TOO LATE! HE-HE WAS RUINED BY TELEVISION!
GIGGLE

THEN THE ANARCHY AND REVOLUTION CAUGHT UP WITH US...

WE SURVIVED BY STAYING ON TH' MOVE — WE KEPT GETTING SICK, BUT AT LEAST WE LIVED — I STILL HAVE PSYCHO DREAMS OF ALL THE DEAD PEOPLE I SAW ..

THAT'S WHY I CAN'T WATCH THE MURDER VIDTAPES YOU CAN BUY FROM TH' UNDERGROUND. A LOT OF "CULTIES" REALLY AMP OUT WATCHIN' NATURAL VIOLENCE THESE DAYS ..

FATHER
FATHER
FATHER

PEOPLE ARE REALLY SCHIZOID TO TH' MAX. THEY WATCH NOTHIN' BUT VIDTAPES. I'M INTO IT — IT'S MY WORK NUMBER — I SEARCH COMPUTER INDEXES FOR WEIRD VIDS, THEN WIRE UP TH' CALLER TO A TAPE TERMINAL...

I DO-IT ALL WHILE SITTING RIGHT HERE.

IF I GET BORED, I PUNCH UP A GAME AND PLAY FOR A WHILE....

BUT YOU CAN ONLY PLAY SO MANY GAMES, THEN THE BOREDOM COMES ON AGAIN SOME "BORDOS" ENCOUNTER THE EMPTINESS WITH PSYCHE DRUGS — MUCH LIKE YOU DO IN YOUR TIME, EXCEPT WE'VE UPPED THE DELUSION WITH HOLOGRAMS —

OTHERS COPE WITH THE "VOID" VIA SEX — IT'S A TOTAL THING NOW AND THE KINKS ARE FOR REAL...

PROTEIN RECYCLE

BUT SEX IS ONLY GOOD FOR A FEW YEARS, THEN A TOTAL EMPTINESS CREEPS OVER YOU — AND IT'S CATCHING UP WITH ME. I WANT OFF THE PLANET LIKE MY OL' MAN, THE HIPPIE —

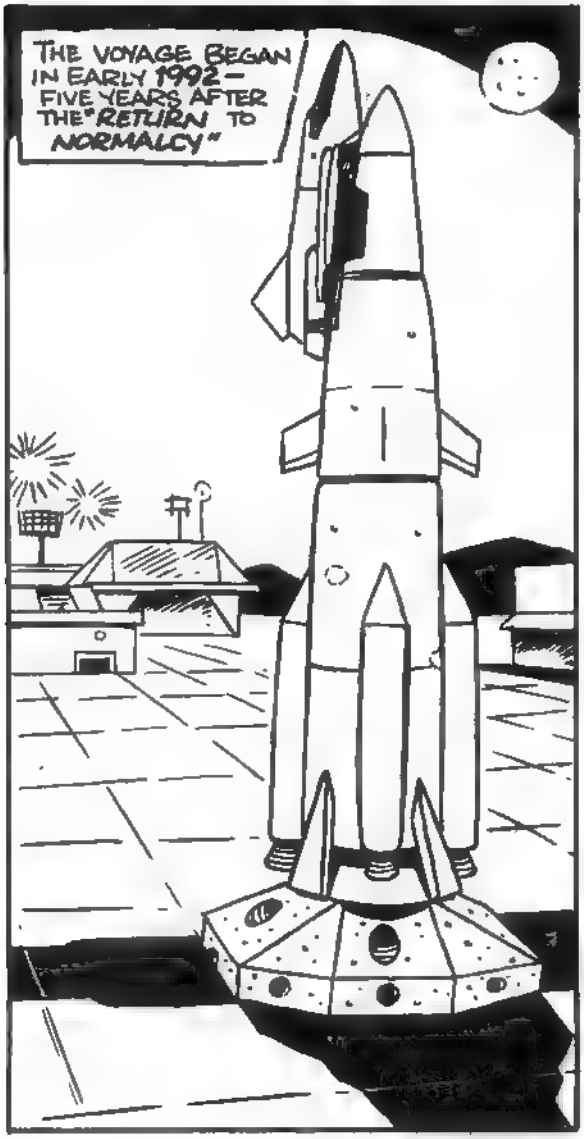
WHY NOT? WHY CAN'T WE JUST PROJECT OURSELVES OFF THIS MESS? I KNOW I CAN DO-IT! IT'S GOTTA BE POSSIBLE!

YEAH, HIPPIE IT IS THEORETICALLY POSSIBLE — IF YOU LIFT OFF, LET ME KNOW, HUH? I WANT TO "SPLIT" WITH YOU!

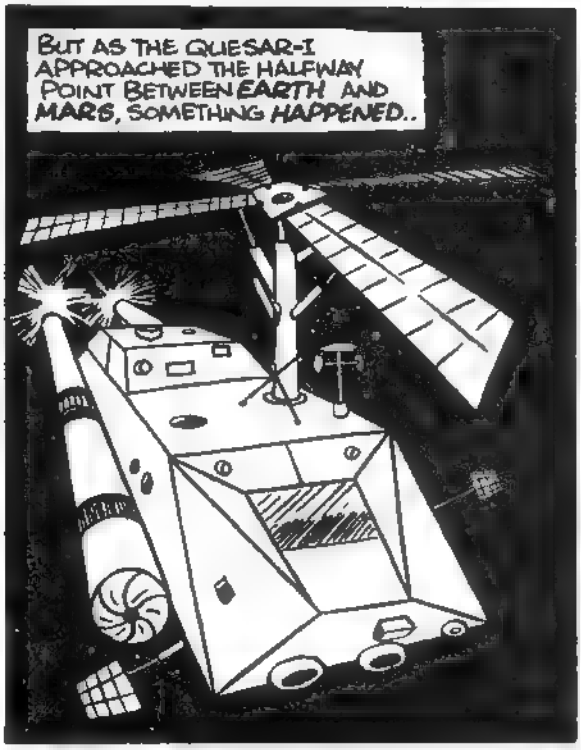
THEY SAY YOU HAVE TO BE GAY TO TRAVEL TO THE STARS...

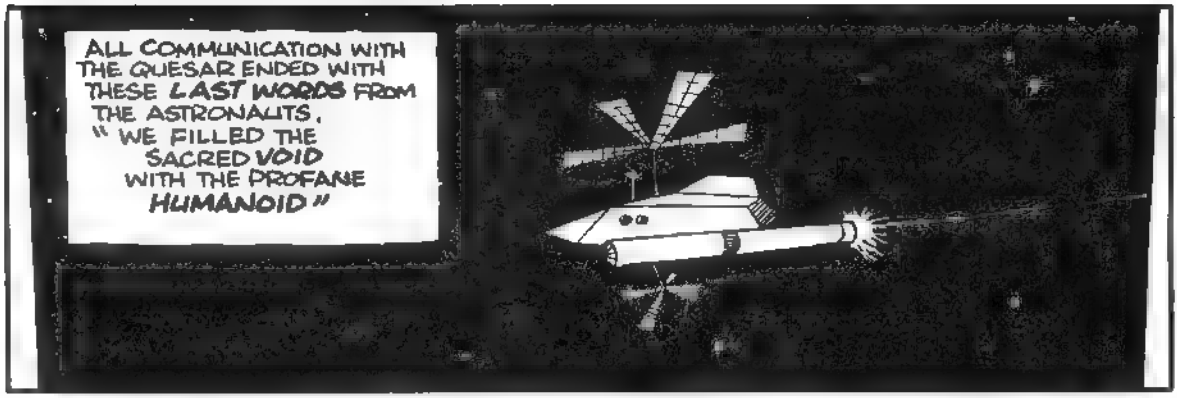
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN IT WAS EXCITING TO BE GAY — BUT NOW BEING GAY IS BORING JUST LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS WORLD.

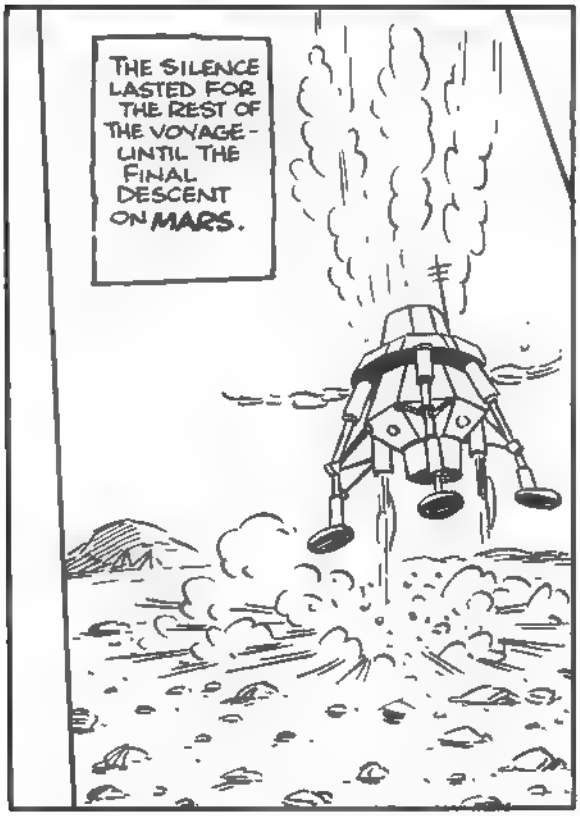
BESIDES, SEX WASN'T REALLY A PROBLEM WHEN WE WENT TO MARS A FEW YEARS AGO...


THE VOYAGE BEGAN IN EARLY 1992 — FIVE YEARS AFTER THE "RETURN TO NORMALCY"

IT WAS A "COOPERATIVE WORLD QUEST", CALLED "QUESAR-I" — OUR FIRST STEP TOWARD COLONIZATION OF THE GALAXY — HA!


BUT AS THE QUESAR-I APPROACHED THE HALFWAY POINT BETWEEN EARTH AND MARS, SOMETHING HAPPENED..


ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE QUESAR ENDED WITH THESE LAST WORDS FROM THE ASTRONAUTS. " WE FILLED THE SACRED VOID WITH THE PROFANE HUMANOID "

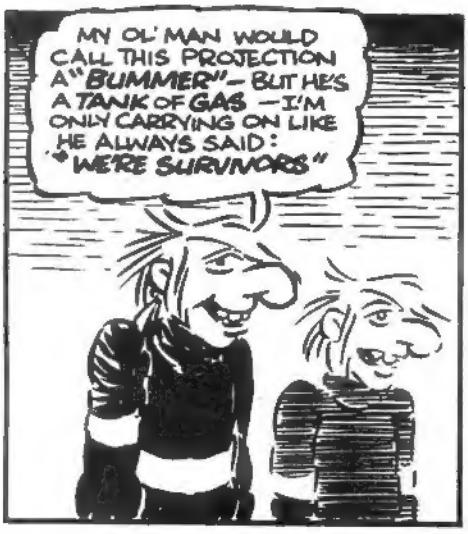

THE SILENCE LASTED FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE - UNTIL THE FINAL DESCENT ON MARS.

THEN IT WAS OBVIOUS THE ASTRONAUTS HAD GONE TOTALLY SCHIZO — THEY HAD LOST THEIR PSYCHIC BOND WITH OUR EARTH.

SOME OF US THOUGHT THIS WAS REALLY COSMIC - OUR ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY HAD FAILED TO PREPARE US FOR THE VOID!

EXIT 1
TO NOWHERE
ALL THIS IS MAKING ME CLAUSTROPHOBIC. THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO. THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE WE'LL ZAP TH' VOID - WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

THERE'S EFFICIENT ANNIHILATION ALL OVER THE PLANET - WE'RE FIGHTING A WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA RIGHT NOW, AND I DON'T EVEN CARE - I CAN'T TRAVEL ON IT. I JUST WANT TO KNOW THE BASEBALL SCORES..
- DON'T GET CAUGHT BETWEEN THEM AND THE FOOD!


MY OL' MAN WOULD CALL THIS PROJECTION A "BUMMER" - BUT HE'S A TANK OF GAS - I'M ONLY CARRYING ON LIKE HE ALWAYS SAID: "WE'RE SURVIVORS"

AND AS LONG AS WE SURVIVE - WE GOT A CHANCE...
"LATER"..

ATTENTION VANGUARD OF THE GREAT CULTURAL REVOLUTION!!

LET'S FACE IT. WE'VE BEEN ON THE FRONT LINES FOR WELL OVER A **DECADE**. WE STUMBLE ABOUT LIKE BURNED OUT **CASUALTIES**. TAUNTS AND ABUSE SPEW FORTH FROM EVERY STREET CORNER AND ROCK CONCERT. BUT WE AINT GIVING UP— ***RIGHT!!*** SO HOW DO WE **COPE** WITH THESE ***HEAVY NEGATIVE VIBES?***

SIMPLE. WE CONFRONT THEM WITH THE PURE POSITIVE ENERGY THAT RADIATES FROM **THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE T-SHIRT!!!!!!**

SLIP IT ON. YOU'LL SEE SNEERS TURN TO ***MELLOW SMILES*** — BAD KARMA *BLOWN AWAY BY* ***GOOD VIBES!*** AND ANOTHER DAY ON THE PLANET BECOMES A BIT *EASIER* FOR OUR **HASSLED HEADS!** SO ORDER YOUR

FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE T-SHIRT *NOW!*

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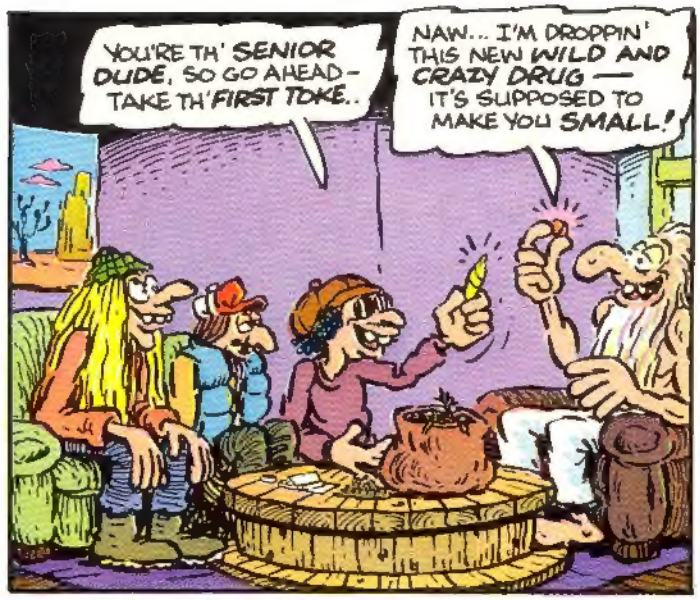
THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
GETS SMALL
BY TED RICHARDS


YOU'RE TH' SENIOR DUDE, SO GO AHEAD - TAKE TH' FIRST TOKE..
NAW... I'M DROPPIN' THIS NEW WILD AND CRAZY DRUG — IT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOU SMALL!

MOMENTS LATER.
HEY, WOW! IT WORKS! I'M GETTIN' SMALLER!
AND SMALLER!

A FEW MORE MOMENTS LATER...
HEY... WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE?
WHO CARES. ROLL ANOTHER JOINT, MAN...
YEAH, GOOD STUFF, HUH? THAT OL' HIPPIE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSIN'...

(NUH) IT'S GOT SOME TOUGH STEMS IN IT, THOUGH... NUH..
AGGH

NYUH?
SCREAM
FUP

WOW! THERE WAS A REALLY WEIRD ROACH OR SOMETHIN' IN THAT JOINT!
COUGH, COUGH YEAH, AN' IT REALLY TASTED BAD TOO!

NEXT DAY.
LOOK MAN, I REALLY GOT BURNED ON THOSE SMALL PILLS!
SORRY, MAN, BUT TH' STUFF STILL HAS A FEW BUGS IN IT....
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Sir Real's

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The Forty Year Old Hippie #2

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Artists:

Ted Richards - 1-36

Comments:

n/a